LADY'S DRESSING ROOM.

To which is added,

I. A POEM on cutting down the OLD THORN at *Market Hill.*

II. ADVICE to a PARSON.

III. An EPIGRAM on seeing a WORTHY PRELATE go out of Church in the Time of Divine Service to wait on his Grace the D. of *D.*

By the Rev. Dr. *S*——*T.*

The SECOND EDITION.

We may obſerve, the fineſt Flowers, and the moſt delicious Fruits, ſometimes owe their Nutriment and Increaſe to ſuch kind of Matter, as is moſt offenſive to the Senſes, which themſelves have the greateſt Power to gratify.

FIDDES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

LADY'S DRESSING ROOM.

FIVE Hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty *Celia* ſpent in Dreſſing;
The Goddeſs from her Chamber iſſues,
Array'd in Lace, Brocades and Tiſſues.

Strephon, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwiſe employ'd;
Stole in, and took a ſtrict Survey,
Of all the Litter as it lay;
Whereof, to make the Matter clear,
An Inventory follows here.

And firſt a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Arm-pits well beſmear'd.
Strephon, the Rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every Side.
On ſuch a Point few Words are beſt,
And *Strephon* bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears how damnably the Men lie,
In calling *Celia* ſweet and cleanly.
Now liſten, while he next produces,
The various Combs for various Uſes,

Fill'd up with Dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No Bruſh could force a way betwixt.
A Paſte of Compoſition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;
A Forehead Cloth with Oyl upon't
To ſmooth the Wrinkles on her Front;
Here Allum Flower to ſtop the Steams,
Exhal'd from four, unſavoury Streams;
There Night-gloves made of *Tripſy*'s Hide;
Bequeath'd by *Tripſy* when ſhe dy'd,
With Puppy Water, Beauty's Help
Diſtill'd from *Tripſy*'s darling Whelp.
Here Gallypots and Vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with Waſhes, ſome with Paſte,
Some with Pomatum, Paints and Slops,
And Ointments good for ſcabby Chops.
Hard by a filthy Baſon ſtands,
Fowl'd with the Scouring of her Hands;

The Baſon takes whatever comes,
The Scrapings of her Teeth and Gums,
A naſty compound of all Hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon*'s Bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the Towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-Wax grim'd.
No Object *Strephon*'s Eye eſcapes,
Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps;
Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot
All varniſh'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.
The Stockings, why ſhou'd I expoſe,
Stain'd with the Marks of ſtinking Toes;
Or greaſy Coifs and Pinners reeking,
Which *Celia* ſlept at leaſt a Week in?
A Pair of Tweezers next he found
To pluck her Brows in Arches round,

Or Hairs that ſink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Briſtles grow.

The Virtues we muſt not leſs paſs,
Of *Celia*'s magnifying Glaſs.
When frighted *Strephon* caſt his Eye on't,
It ſhew'd the Viſage of a Gyant.
A Glaſs that can to Sight diſcloſe,
The ſmalleſt Worm in *Celia*'s Noſe,
And faithfully direct her Nail
To ſqueeze it out from Head to Tail;
For catch it nicely by the Head,
It muſt come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the Cheſt?
That careleſs Wench! no Creature warn her
To move it out from yonder Corner;

But leave it ſtanding full in Sight
For you to exerciſe your Spight.
In vain, the Workman ſhew'd his Wit
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this Diſguiſe,
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;
For *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' thick and thin;
He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the Time before.
As from within *Pandora*'s Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A ſudden univerſal Crew
Of humane Evils upwards flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *Hope* at laſt remain'd behind;
So *Strephen* lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Cheſt was hid,

The Vapours flew from out the Vent,
But *Strephon* cautious never meant
The Bottom of the Pan to grope,
And fowl his Hands in Search of *Hope*.
O never may ſuch vile Machine
Be once in *Celia*'s Chamber ſeen!
O may ſhe better learn to keep
* " Thoſe Secrets of the hoary deep!

As Mutton Cutlets, Prime of Meat,
Which tho' with Art you ſalt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And toaſt them at the cleareſt Fire;
If from adown the hopeful Chops
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To ſtinking Smoke it turns the Flame
Pois'ning the Fleſh from whence it came;

* Milton.

And up exhales a greaſy Stench,
For which you curſe the careleſs Wench;
So Things, which muſt not be expreſt,
When plumpt into the reeking Cheſt,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Parts from whence they fell,
The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,
Which waft a Stink round every Room.

Thus finiſhing his grand Survey,
Diſguſted *Strephon* ſtole away,
Repeating in his amorous Fits,
Oh! *Celia*, *Celia*, *Celia* ſhits!

But Vengeance, Goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd *Strephon* for his Peeping.
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he ſees with all her Stinks;

And, if unſav'ry Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady ſtanding by:
All Women his Deſcription fits,
And both Idea's jump like Wits:
By vicious Fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in Contraſt.
I pity wretched *Strephon* blind
To all the Charms of Female Kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking Ooze?
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but ſome pockey Quean.
When *Celia* in her Glory ſhows,
If *Strephon* would but ſtop his Noſe;
(Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints and Creams,
Her Waſhes, Slops, and every Clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a Rout!)

He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſht Eyes to ſee.
Such Order from Confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.

A POEM

ON

Cutting down the Old Thorn at *Market Hill*.

AT *Market Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of antient Date,
There ſtood for many a hundred Years
A ſpacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither

Hither came every Village Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs ſat and ſung.

Sir *Archibald*, that val'rous Knight,
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come and liſten with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald* whoſe fav'rite Name
Shall ſtand for Ages on Record,
By *Scotiſh* Bards of higheſt Fame,
Wiſe *Hawthorden* and *Sterline*'s Lord.)

But Time with Iron Teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its Branches round;

No

No Fruit or Bloſſom to be ſeen,
  Its Head reclining towards the Ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs Thorn,
  Which muſt, alas, no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in Scorn
  Cuts down with ſacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the Blow,
  Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful Shriek;
And Mother *Tellus* trembled ſo,
  She ſcarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Powers, with Fear perplex'd,
  In Prudence and Compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe Turn was next)
  Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye lighting on the Stock
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant Din;
And with her Beak gave many a Knock
To rouſe and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foreſaw in penſive Mood
The Ruin of her antient Seat;
And fled in Haſte with all her Brood
To ſeek a more ſecure Retreat.

Laſt trotted forth a gentle Swine
To eaſe her Itch againſt the Stump,
And diſmally was heard to whine
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph who dwells in every Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)

Condemn'd

Condemn'd by Fates ſupreme Decree
Muſt die with her expiring Plant.

Thus when the gentle *Spina* found
The Thorn, committed to her Care,
Receive its laſt and deadly Wound,
She fled and vaniſh'd into Air.

But from the Root a diſmal Groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the Murd'rer's Ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful Tone,
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
" Relentleſs Dean to Miſchief born,
" My Kindred oft' thy Hide ſhall gall;
" Thy Gown and Caſſock oft be torn;

" And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the Fire,
" Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
" And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bry'r.

" Nor thou, Lord *Arthur* *, ſhalt eſcape:
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that Aſſaſſin in Crape,
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain,

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouſe.
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo,
" An old Retainer to your Houſe,

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe Command
" Was formed this *Machi'villian* Plot,

* Sir *Arthur Archeſon*, mentioned in the *Soldier* and *Scholar*.

" Not

" Not leave a Thiſtle on the Land;
" Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

" Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues
" Through all thy Empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

" And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,
" *Neal Gahagan, Hibernian* Clown,
" With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate
" To hack my hallow'd Timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in Air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble Tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy Landlord's Mare)
" Then bloody *Caitiff* think on me.

Advice to a *PARSON.*

An *EPIGRAM.*

WOU'D you riſe in the *Church*, be *Stupid* and *Dull*,
Be empty of *Learning*, of *Inſolence* full:
Tho' Lewd and Immoral, be Formal and Grave,
In *Flatt'ry* an *Artiſt*, in *Fawning* a *Slave*,
No Merit, no Science, no Virtue is wanting
In him, that's accompliſh'd in *Cringing* and *Canting*:
Be ſtudious to practice true *Meanneſs of Spirit*;
For who but *Lord Bolton* * was *mitred* for *Merit?*
Wou'd you wiſh to be wrap'd in a *Rochet*——In ſhort.
Be as *Pox'd* and *Profane* as *Fanatical H*——

On ſeeing a worthy *Prelate* go out of *Church* in the Time of *Divine Service*, to wait on his Grace the D— of *D*——

LORD † *Pam* in the *Church* (cou'd you think it) kneel'd down,
When told that the *D*— was juſt come to Town,
His *Station* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *Place*,
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace:*
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,
Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordſhip's *Promotion.*

* Archbiſhop of *Caſhel.* † Another Word for a *Knave.*

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